

An Interlude

You walked to the window
on pretext
to look at the river

There it was
the light moving on it
the shadows very dark
at all the edges

Stated Simply

The light changes
on the mountains
here are more subtle

Than the changes
of light
upon the sea

I am no sailor
on horseback
no mountain man

The changes of light
on north tundra
on changeless snow-fields

Change more subtly
than the
everlasting truth

Propounded by
the living church
you name it

You could almost
hear the sound of it
but not quite

For that matter I could
almost hear the sound
of your breathing
though not quite

I was holding my breath
you said, counting
I counted to one hundred

I could come up three times
you said, that would take
three hundred

That is not very complex math
I said, of course I could hear
your breathing again now

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